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NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY A CITIZEN OF RICHMOND. (Va.)

AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE NEW-YORK THEATRES.

New-York.
R. HOBBS PUBLISHER.

1830.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

	Park Theatre.	*Bowery.*	*Chatham.*
Father Philip,	Mr. Woodhull,	Mr. Jackson,	Mr. Lindsley.
Ronaldo,	Blakely,	Wray,	Clarke.
Colin,	Miss. Kelly,	Mrs. Hamblin,	Mrs. H. Brown.
Eliza,	Mrs. Hilson.	Miss. Waring,	Miss. Coster.
Gertrude,	Mrs. Wheately,	Mrs. Jones,	Mrs. Walstein.

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PREFACE.

In yielding to the wishes of a respected individual, by submitting the following production to the public perusal, the Author feels a degree of timidity as great, as his situation is novel.

The indulgence shown by a numerous and brilliant audience to the performance, while it was eminently gratifying to the Author, only confirmed the character for kindness and liberality, to which that audience has ever been justly entitled.

It is too frequently the case, that writers or adapters of American plays, endeavour, as it were, to take the public opinion by storm, and commence their remarks by lamenting the want of public discernment. For his own part, the Author would be unworthy of future indulgence, if he failed to express his most sincere thanks for that which he has already experienced, and to promise an endeavour, in any future production, to establish a better claim to it.

It is needless to mention whence the plot of "*Nature* and *Philosophy*" is taken—The story must be generally known. The Author has added one scene and freely translated, and altered the rest from a

French comic opera, written by *Duport*, of *Paris*, and performed there for the first time, in 1818.

Before closing these remarks, the Author would wish publicly to express his gratitude for the kindness he has received from the individuals to whom the performance of his piece was entrusted.

To Mr. *Hilson*, the gentleman who brought it forward; whose talents for the ludicrous have been proved by the merry peals of laughter and applause that greeted him whenever he appeared upon the stage, and whose magical touches of genuine feeling have as often melted an audience to tears,—the obligations of the Author are deep and lasting. The kind and polite attention with which Mr. H. has always treated him, although circumstances rendered it necessary for him to assume a fictitious name; and the interest he has taken in the Author's success, entitled him to his warmest—most heartfelt thanks. —May his future fortunes be bright and prosperous, and wherever they lead him, may his talents be as properly appreciated as they have ever been in Richmond.

To the ladies and gentleman more actively engaged in the performance, the Author has already expressed, and now begs leave to repeat his warmest acknowledgments.

NATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

SCENE I.—*A forest, with a cave on one side—Enter from it brother* PHILIP and RONALDO.

Phi. Nay, nay, Ronaldo, you cannot feel as I do. For sixteen years, have we resided in this quiet spot: the brook that runs behind my cave, has furnished us with drink; the roots that I cultivated in my little garden, have been our humble, but wholsome fare; and no step, save your's, my friend, has broken upon our solitude. Thus had I hoped to live—thus die. But spiteful fate has ordained it otherwise, and I must leave them all. However, for myself, I have no fears; my great anxiety is for my boy—my Colin.

Ron. But, Philip, consider, he is a child no longer, unless, indeed, you call a lad of eighteen so.

Phi. True, he is eighteen years of age; but what does he know of the snares, with which the world is filled?

Ron. Nothing; nor ever will he, if you continue this system of education.

Phi. Ronaldo, Ronaldo, have I not had sufficient experience? Was I not cheated, duped, made a fool of? But though the earth abounds with beasts of prey, ready on all sides to spring upon the unweary, yet there is one I fear far more than any other.

Ron. Indeed! but he is old enough to protect him-

self. Give him arms, and teach him the use of them.

Phi. Ah; my friend, no arms are of avail against it—the strongest warrior yields to its power.

Ron. What mean you?

Phi. [*in a low cautious tone.*] Woman. Oh Lord! a Wolf he might conquer; nay, a Lion he could contend with; but a woman! bless me, the poor boy would fall a sacrifice to her lures.

Ron. Ha, ha, ha,—excuse me, my dear Philip; but I cannot be serious while you talk thus; and pray how long do you expect to keep him ignorant? Nature, aye nature, will tell him that man was not made to live alone.

Phi. And I tell him otherwise.—And you shall see whose precepts will influence him most.

Ron. When I *do* see that, (which indeed unless convinced by eye-sight, I never can believe,) I assure you it will not only surprise, but grieve me. Why, was the world to follow your dictates, it would soon cease to be habitable. Zounds! man, you would fill it with bachelors, and old maids, and a person unfortunately possessed of any sociable feeling would have to hang himself, in his own defence.

Phi. Does marriage improve things? I am sure, I have no reason to be captivated with it.—I had not been married a year, before my wife ran away, and then her relations endeavoured to pursuade me, that it was my own fault; and it would be cruel, not to receive her again. But death came to the relief of the unhappy woman; and I retired in disgust to this forest.

Ron. Which you now must leave—but come with me, my house shall be your home, and you may there live as retired as you please.

Phi. Aye, but Colin—Ronaldo you have a daughter.

Ron. A wild giddy thing, 'tis true; but her governess can manage her. I will not thwart your purposes, Philip, and I'll warrant, if Colin takes the old lady for a specimen, he will be in no great danger of falling in love with the sex.

Phi. Then he shall see no other—Only obtain her assistance, and all my fears are at an end.

Ron. I will endeavour to win her, by every means in my power.

Phi. Thank you, my friend, thank you. Well, go on; I will but make some little arrangements, and then quit my dear retirement forever.—But, Ronaldo, see that your daughter is safe; I tremble when I think of Colin's meeting with her.

Ron. Be easy on that score.

[*Exit Philip into the cave.*

Ah! Philip, Philip, you may clothe your boy in armour; bind him, if you please; but take my word for it, all will be fruitless. That sly little urchin, Cupid, will seize the first opportunity, to revenge himself, and laugh in your face, at these foolish precautions. Now, to lock up my dear little Eliza, and prepare her old governess for the boy's arrival.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A garden, with shrubbery on the right. On the left, the front of a handsome house is seen through scattered bushes. A terrace connected with it apparently for the purpose of ornament, and surmounted with flowers. The side is in pannels variously painted: on the last which opens with a spring, is a group of the Three Graces—The walls of the garden, having

a grated gate in the centre, close the back; and a high hill rises behind them.—Two chairs near the wing.

Eliza enters from the house, with a small work basket; after looking cautiously in, she shuts the door.

Eliza. So, what with pickling and preserving, my old governess is well engaged. My father has gone out, and now I am determined to discover this secret door, and find out its use. Let me see, [*runs to the terrace.*] It was hereabouts my governess came; and when she put her hand on this picture, a door flew open, through which she went into my chamber.—But bless me! I see nothing—no lock, no handle.—Stay, what have we here?—It is, yes it is a button,—I've found it, I've found it, [*presses the button; door flies open.*] So, this is the way—now to shut it, for fear of being surprised—[*closes door, and comes forward.*] At last, then, I have discovered it.—What a relief! Ever since yesterday, I have been dying to find it out—not a wink could I sleep last night for thinking of it. Very well, madam governess, so then you have a secret door in my chamber; but I've caught you; and yet why should she use it?—Perhaps to see me sleep.—No—I believe I do that like every one else;—or to watch if I am idle.—Oh! no—for I show her my work every day.—What then can it mean? It must be delightful, for I am sure if it was otherwise, she would make me learn it directly.—What shall I do? My dear papa would tell me.—But then the old cross thing never quits my side when he is here.—Heigh, ho! it is a great shame, that it is, to keep me in such ignorance. Here am I almost seventeen, and I scarcely know any thing at all, and while the village

girls run and skip and dance about the fields; I am stuck up in this narrow garden, or locked up in my chamber.

Well, I know this much,—I can never be happy while I am so ignorant.

AIR—ELIZA.

Ah! well I know each warbler's note
That twitters on the spray,
"And sweetly strains its little throat
"To hail the rising day."

And graceful garlands, I can twine
And make the prettiest posies,
And deck myself so gay and fine
With blooming pinks and roses.

But yet alas! within my breast
No happiness can dwell;
Nor can my panting heart know rest.
But why? I cannot tell.

Perhaps though many a trifling toy
To me has been revealed;
That, so much wish'd for thrilling joy,
Still, still, is kept concealed.

[*As she concludes, Gertrude appears at the door.*

Ah! there she comes—now for a scolding, [*takes work from her basket.*]

Ger. [*aside.*] How! Eliza out so soon!—What can the child be about—some curiosity I'll warrant—[*aloud.*] What are you doing, miss?

Eliza. Working ma'am.

Ger. You have quitted your chamber very early this morning, very early indeed.

Eliza. Yes, ma'am, very early.

Ger. And why did you do it, miss?

Eliza. Only to take the fresh air, governess.

Ger. Take the fresh air?—you should'nt do it, miss.—It spoils the complexion.—Have you learn't your lessons?

Eliza. Oh yes, I know them all.

Ger. Upon my word, you have grown remarkably studious, in the last week.

Eliza. I am very anxious to learn, ma'am.

Ger. Perhaps so, but this wonderful anxiety has seized you rather suddenly, methinks.—[*They seat themselves to work.*]—Have you seen any one here this morning?

Eliza. No one—[*aside.*]—what a sweet humour she is in? I'll plague her a little—[*aloud.*]—it seems to me, papa went out very early.

Ger. Yes.

Eliza. Do you know what called him, ma'am?

Ger. His business I should suppose, miss.

Eliza. Likely—but what can he have to do so soon?

Ger. What is that to you, miss?

Eliza. Oh nothing at all,—only it grieves me, I declare, to see every thing about the house left to you—your fatigue must be so great—Don't you think papa ought to get some one to assist you?

Ger. Be quiet, and finish your work.

Eliza. But my dear, *sweet, good-natured* governess, just answer me one question—now will you?

Ger. What is it?

Eliza. I have heard you, or my father, sometimes name a husband—what is the meaning of the word?—What is a husband?

Ger. He is a tyrant—a traitor, a fool, a knave—a brute.

Eliza. What a pity! But where, or how, can a person get one!

Ger. I dont know, I never trouble my head about such matters.

Eliza. Well now, I really should like to see one of these horrible wretches,—only through curiosity—can *you* show me one, ma'am?—[*archly.*]

Ger. Now what is the child thinking of?—Hold your tongue, miss—I should like to know, who has been putting this nonsense into your head.

[*They rise—Ronaldo appears at the gate centre—Eliza runs to open it.*]

Eliza. Good morning, my dear papa.

Ron. [*embracing her.*]—Good morning, my love.—Why, Gertrude, you seem displeased,—what, I suppose some little quarrel with Eliza?

Ger. Let me tell you, sir.

Ron. Nay, nay, never mind it now—I have something of importance to communicate to you.

Ger. To me?—Go to your chamber, miss.

Eliza. And to me too, papa?

Ron. Oh! no, go to your chamber, my dear.

Eliza. But—papa—

Ger. Don't stand whimpering there—go this instant, miss—go, I say. This child will be the death of me.

Eliza. Well I'm going, governess.—[*aside.*] So! here's some mystery—I'll keep a good look out, however. [*Exit into house.*

Ron. Gertrude, you are too severe with my poor little Eliza. I cannot approve of it.

Ger. You ought to thank me, sir—it is a violence I do my own feelings, in training your child to virtue,

and teaching her to avoid those dangers, that beset us on every side.

Ron. Dangers!—What dangers?

Ger. The dangers of flattery—the insinuating, seducing, diabolical tongue of man.

Ron. By your asperity, Gertrude, I should suppose, you have had much to contend against—Pray did mankind ever treat you ill?

Ger. Me! Oh no, sir!—I thank my stars, there was always something about me, that repelled, and chilled the gaze of licentiousness.

Ron. Egad! I should think so—ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Very well, sir; laugh on—But let me tell you, I have always hated the filthy creatures, as much as I now do.

Ron. Well I am very happy to hear it—for I am going to give you an excellent opportunity, of exerting this terrible hatred. You know that Brother Philip has a son, about eighteen years of age.

Ger. Very well, sir.

Ron. This man so sensible, and well informed, on all subjects but one, has been a hermit ever since the death of his wife, and has secluded his son from earliest infancy, in the forest that skirts our mountains.

Ger. Yes, sir.

Ron. There, to preserve him from the misfortunes which he himself perpetually bewails, he has carefully concealed from him, even the existence of women.

Ger. Very wise indeed—and pray what is the meaning of all this?

Ron. Listen; I have seen Brother Philip to day. His age, and infirmities increase, and circumstances render it absolutely necessary that he should, at last,

expose his darling boy to the dangerous regards of the fair sex.

Ger. The simpleton!

Ron. But in this difficulty, to lessen the danger as much as possible, he is anxious that his son should have his first interview with an elderly lady, whose charms are rather in *their decline* [*significantly.*]

Ger. Vastly sensible indeed.

Ron. Yes, one who would torment, frighten, and in short, inspire him with such a lasting dislike to the sex, that he would never in the whole course of his life, be entrapped by their blandishments.

Ger. The dolt!

Ron. And, my dear Gertrude, for this important office, he has chosen you.

Ger. What do I hear? me!—But 'tis exactly like him, all his schemes are equally wise; and this one will just prove as fortunate as the secret door there, that he had made, to watch the motions of his lady—Me indeed! a pretty task to impose upon me!

Ron. Nay, Gertrude, be not angry—it can do you no injury; you know we are all acquainted with the sweetness of your disposition; and it will only serve to heighten our admiration, by letting us see how well you can assume another character—Come, come, you will consent—we may rely upon you?

Ger. [*aside.*] Let me see—yes—I shall be the first—the first and only women, he has ever seen—he must be smitten—Besides, notwithstanding my hatred to man—I yet feel a little pity for the creatures—I'll try it—[*aloud.*] Well, sir, purely through friendship for you I'll undertake the disagreeable office.

Ron. Thank you Gertrude--ah! there they come--[*Brother Philip descends the hill with Colin concealed under his cloak.*]

Go in, and wait for a signal to appear--and hark'ye, see that Eliza is safe in her chamber.

Ger. Very well I'll warrant she does'nt get out to day. [*Exit into Pavillion.*

[*Ronaldo opens the gate. Brother Philip enters with Colin, who emerges from under the cloak, and appears, covered with a second one, which conceals his head and body.*]

Phi. Thank Heaven! we are safe at last. What toil, trouble and fatigue have I endured to accomplish my ends—But I have succeeded, and Colin has not seen a single person, though a thousand prying idlers sought to penetrate his disguise.

Col. Who are you speaking to, father? It is a very disagreeable thing to hear, and not see.

Phi. My dear boy, you shall be satisfied—I now return you the use of your eyes—[*takes off the cloak.*] to give you a second father.

Col. Ronaldo! another father!—What, then, it is the custom in these parts, to have two? And will you be my father, also? Now do, for I feel I shall love you. Nay, I love you already—where do you live?

Ron. Here.

Col. What a sweet place! And are you alone?—[*Philip signs to Ronaldo to be cautious.*

Ron. No.

Col. Who lives with you?

Phi. His children.

Col. Oh! do let me see them.

Phi. By-and-by, you shall.

Col. Oh! father, every thing I ask for, you say I shall have *by-and-by;* but I'm sure that by-and-by

seems to be *gone by*—for I have never seen it yet. In the forest, I have met with nothing but birds and beasts. I must see your children—my heart tells me that I shall cherish them. Father, is this the city?

Phi. No, my boy.

Col. [*Running up the stage.*] Oh! do look here—[*Philip appears alarmed.*]—how many beautiful objects! Come, father, do come and see them—[*he returns, and continues gazing around him with avidity. Philip and Ronaldo endeavour, in dumb show, to moderate his transports, and accidentally directs his attention from the terrace. Eliza enters from the secret door, which she softly closes.*]

Eliza. [*Aside.*]—They were so anxious to lock me up, that I knew something mysterious must be going forward. My dear little secret door; how lucky it was I discovered you. Let me see—brother Philip with my father, and a young man. Who can it be! I'll listen, and try to find out.—[*Conceals herself behind one of the scattered bushes.*]

Ron. There, go now, Colin, and amuse yourself in the garden. I wish to speak to your father—go, my boy, and see the fish ponds, and the flowers.

[*Exit Colin.*

Eliza. [*Aside.*]—So brother Philip has a son—well, that I knew not before.

Phi. [*cautiously.*]—Is your daughter safely locked up?

Ron. Perfectly so.

Phi. Now tell me your success,—will Gertrude act her part?

Ron. Doubt it not. She seems to hate the male sex so heartily, that Colin, before she has finished her task with him, will return it as cordially, I'll answer for it.

Eliza. [*Aside.*]—Oh heavens! What a shame.

Ron. But let me dissuade you, my dear friend—you may rely upon it, your efforts are useless.

Phi. Never mind, never mind, Ronaldo, my resolution is taken, and you cannot change it.—Only instruct Gertrude to be as ill-natured as possible.

Ron. She does not require much instruction on that point.

Phi. Nay, tell her not to hesitate, even to strike him if necessary;—any thing to inspire him with a lively, and eternal disgust to the sex.

Ron. I assure you she will acquit herself, to admiration.

Phi. Very well. We must now endeavour to suit Colin to our purposes,—here he comes.

Re-enter COLIN.

Col. Well, father, are you ready? When shall we go to the city?

Phi. Let us rest ourselves now—and we will decide upon that.

Col. By-and-by, I suppose.

[*Exeunt Philip and Colin into house.*

Ron. [*following.*]—Alas, poor Philip! how I pity him. [*Exit.*

Eliza. [*coming forward.*]—And how I hate him!—Who ever heard the like? To conceal the existence of women, from the boy, until now, and then to let him meet with none but the most disagreeable. Poor fellow! How I feel for you; but alas! if you see no one but my governess, their ends will be completely answered—I don't know how it is—I have scarcely seen him, and yet I feel a strange sort of—pity, in my breast, that I never before experi-

enced for any one.—No doubt, it is because he is so young, and so unfortunate—If I could but speak to him for a moment, I would undeceive him—but how to do it?—They will not quit his side—however, they think I am safe in my chamber and will not suspect me.—Let us see.—[*She examines the house.*]

Col. [*appears at an open window.*]—Oh! What is that?

Eliza. 'Tis he—[*she signs to him.*]—If he could but come down,—yes, I hear him—[*a noise is heard in the house, and brother Philip appears at the door, endeavouring to restrain Colin—Eliza attempts to regain the secret door, but cannot succeed.*—Ah! brother Philip, I am surprised—where to conceal myself—in the garden. [*Exit.*

Phi. My dear Colin—do calm yourself.

Col. Oh! what was it that I saw?—Where can it be?

Phi. How he trembles! Vile, unlucky window, what imprudence to leave it open.—But, my boy, what hast thou seen.

AIR—COLIN.

"I cannot say what 'twas that struck on my view,
"And at once all my senses delighted,
"But, glorious vision, return and renew
"Those transports thy presence excited.

*Whilst dumb with amazement, I gazed on its face,
In that moment, Oh! how was I blessed,
For, father, such majesty, beauty, and grace,
Before, never mortal possessed.

*These two verses were represented as a piece of dialogue; the contracted time for its production not admitting of music being composed for it. The same with all the poetry which follows.

*In form like myself, but yet far more slender,
Blooming, and fair, as the morning it glowed,
It was not a youth—'twas more beautious, more tender,
And strangely around it, its drapery flowed.

"Yet I cannot say what 'twas, that thus met my view,
"And at once all my senses delighted,
"Oh! glorious vision, return and renew,
"Those transports, thy presence excited.

Phi. [*Aside.*]—Yes, I can no longer doubt it—he has seen a woman in the fields—Oh! that unlucky window.

Col. I never beheld any thing, half so beautiful—No, it was not a boy—for a boy could not be so delicate, so fair. But then what was it?—Ah, father, you must know—do now—do tell me what it was.

Phi. Colin, Colin, how often have I warned you against this idle curiosity?—what you have seen is—

Col. [*eagerly.*]—What?

Phi. Nothing—nothing at all.

Col. Nothing?—come, come, father, that will never do,—it was certainly something, and something very strange too, since it produced in me so odd a sensation.—I burnt, and then I shivered, all over,—the feeling was new and unaccountable.—I am sure it was something.

Phi. [*Aside.*] It's all over—I see no chance of concealing what he wishes to know.—How shall I act?—[*aloud.*] Colin, I must confess, it was my wish not to show you so soon, that which you have seen,—because I wanted to spare you the pain, and trouble, this unfortunate meeting has already given you.

Col. So my eyes did not deceive me?

Phi. No.

Col. Then what charming creature was it?

Phi. It was.—[*Aside.*] Now what shall I say?

Col. What?

Phi. A—A—[*Aside.*] I'm fixed now truly.

Col. Do not kill me, father, with suspense—what was it?

Phi. Well then, it—[*Aside.*] I have it—[*aloud.*] it was a bird.

Col. A bird!—a bird like that?

Phi. Yes—a bird, Colin,—a fowl.

Col. Let me see—I never recollect seeing one before.

Phi. No—it does not live in forests,—it only flourishes in the midst of cities.

Col. What beautiful plumage it has—pray, father, does it sing?

Phi. Like a Nightingale.

Col. And can it speak?

Phi. Like a Parrot.

Col. Ah! father, then do buy me one to take to our cave, and I never will beg you to carry me to the city again.

Phi. My dear Colin—you know not what you ask,—this animal so richly endowed by nature, is at the same time, the most wicked, cruel, ungrateful, perfidious, treacherous, and dangerous in the world.

Col. Heavens! is it possible?

Phi. I have had woful experience of it.

Col. Did you ever raise one?

Phi. Yes, to my sorrow.

Col. Why, what did it do to you?

Phi. A great deal of mischief.

Col. Oh! I know the cause of that,—you did'nt tame it properly.

Phi. Tame it! It's impossible to do that.

Col. Well, let me try—only buy me a young one, and I'll answer for the rest—I will play with it, I'll

learn it to follow me; I'll carry it to feed under the shady trees, on the banks of rivulets; there I'll teach it a thousand pretty things, to talk, to sing, to jump.—I'll take care of its young, and raise them too,—they shall do every thing to please—and there we'll dance and frolic about you—and be the happiest set in the world.

Phi. Well, Colin, you shall be gratified—but recollect you will repent of not having followed my advice.

Enter RONALDO, *from pavillion.*

Now Ronaldo?

Ron. [*cautiously.*]—All is ready.

Phi. Very well—Colin, since you will not be content, to check the anxiety, I will keep my promise—you are now about to see one of these birds.

Ron. [*astonished.*] How! birds?

Phi. [*signs to him.*] You will be alone with it,—only remember, it is against my wish that you are exposed to this danger; and that you have no one but yourself, to blame for the consequences.—Farewell and be careful.

[*Exeunt Philip and Ronaldo into Pavillion.*

Col. Never fear.—I declare, tho', father has almost made me a coward.—I am going to see the creature again, and have nothing to defend myself with, if it should—no—no—courage, Colin—courage—why you have conquered wolves, and I hope you are not afraid of a bird? [*looking from the house.*]

Eliza. [*appears from behind the shrubbery.*]—He is alone I believe; now for it—[*a noise of footsteps.*] Ah! here is my governess; then all is lost. [*Exit.*

Col. I—I hear it—[*turns slowly towards the house,*

form which Gertrude enters; Colin starts, and looks intently upon her, with a mixture of fear, and surprise.]

Ger. [*Aside.*] There's no one near; so now I may just say, and do what I please—[*looks at Colin.*] He has never before seen one of the fair sex, and a few soft words from me will be sufficient—Now I'll revenge myself on brother Philip, for this insult.

Col. [*Aside.*] I don't know how it is: perhaps fear has blinded me; but I can no longer perceive that charming air that delighted me so much—On the contrary, it has a most ferocious appearance—I cannot but feel afraid.

Ger. [*assuming a most gracious air and approaching him by degrees,*]—My sweet Colin.

Col, [*retreats and endeavours to frighten her away.*] Shu! Shu!—don't come any nearer—don't.

Ger. Why, what can he mean?

Col. For heaven's sake! come no nearer.

Ger. Why not?

Col. Because you make me tremble.

Ger. What is there about me, that frightens you?

Col. Oh! every thing.

Ger. [*Aside.*] The little brute! [*aloud.*] but Colin, my pretty Colin.

Col. Go away. I don't like you—you have not been tamed properly—I see that.

Ger. [*Aside.*] Tamed! what does he mean?—[*aloud.*] dear Colin, you do not know me yet—when we are better acquainted with each other, this fear will wear off. You will like me very much, depend upon it.

Col. No—no, I never can like you—we are not made for one another at all—so do fly away as quick as you can.

Ger. But, my sweet boy—only turn those eyes to-

wards me; look in mine and there read my secret—come, come to these arms, and receive the vow I make, never to love any but thee.

Col. What! to your arm!—you are just the wicked creature my father described.

Ger. Base ungrateful serpent! you sting the bosom that would cherish you—you deserve your fate—and I am to blame, for feeling a favourable sentiment for you.—But since you will not accept my friendship, you shall feel the weight of my resentment—I'll be revenged, rely on it.

" AIR—GERTRUDE.

" Since 'tis plain,
" You disdain,
" All my efforts to please you;
" You shall know
" To your woe!
" That I also can tease you."

" Day and night
" My delight
" My delight, shall be to vex you.
" Oh! yes, yes, yes—oh yes,
" My delight shall be to vex you."

" I'll sadden thee,
" I'll madden thee,
" I'll shame thee,
" And blame thee.
" With no rest
" Shall you be blest
" Forever I'll perplex thee.
" No rest, no rest, no rest,
" Forever I'll perplex thee."

" Since 'tis plain, &c.—[*Exit Gertrude.*

[*Colin in affright has, during the air, gradually approached the terrace, and as gertrude goes out, he throws himself upon a bank in deep distress.*]

Col. Fool that I was! why did I not follow my father's advice? but then, who would have thought this bird so wicked?

Enter ELIZA *cautiously behind.*

Eli. She has gone—poor Colin! how much he is distressed—my heart bleeds for him—yet I dare not approach, lest after what he has seen, he may fly me in affright.

Col. What shall I do?—Where shall I hide myself? [*his eye rests upon the panel, on which the three Graces are painted.*]—Ah! what do I see? here are three of them, what forms! what sweetness in their countenance!—who?—Who would not be deceived?—But 'tis all false, and the very sight of them makes me mad—Cruel perfidious creatures, oh!—that with one blow, I could destroy you all!—[*He strikes the painting in rage, door flies open—he recoils astonished.*]

Eli. [*Aside.*] Heavens!—what has he done!

Col. How! a door? I did not perceive that before—let us see where it leads to [*looks in*] yes—here will I conceal myself. [*enters door.*]

Eli. He has gone into my chamber—now what is to be done? I must not call him—for we might be discovered. And then, if this opportunity escapes me, Colin is undone—let me see—yes, that will do. I have thought of a plan—but then I must tell a great fib however, 'tis in a good cause, and I hope will be forgiven—First, we must secure you—[*shuts the secret door.*] Now for it—[*she runs towards the*

house.]—Help! here, Papa, Governess, Brother Philip—Help! Help!

Enter GERTRUDE, RONALDO, *and* BR. PHILIP, *tumultuously from the house.*

Phi. Oh lord! oh lord! Eliza here!—where is Colin?

Ger. In the name of wonder? how came you here, Miss? answer me—how came you here?

Ron. Why, Eliza—I thought you were in your chamber—by what means did you get out?

Eli. Why, papa, a little while ago, I heard my governess quarrelling, with some one—and then I am sure she went away, for all was quiet—presently however I heard violent and repeated blows upon that picture—a door flew open that I had never before discovered; I ran to it, and saw a young man, who was so much alarmed at my sudden appearance, that he sprang away, climbed that high tree there, in an instant, and jumped over the wall.—I though it was a robber, and so, called for help [*aside.*] Mercy, what a story!

Ron. [*to Philip.*] Just as I expected.

Phi. Colin—escaped!—It was all Gertrude's fault—she frightened him so much.

Ger. I only obeyed your orders, sir.

Ron. Nay, nay lose no time in idle reproaches—let us endeavour to overtake him—he cannot have gone far—do you, Philip, take the road to your cave—you know its windings better than we do—Gertrude, go to the village, and search there—I will to the city.—[*They rush out in haste from the gate, and Philip ascends the hill.*]

Eli. Ecod! I've sent them on a pretty chase—

[*looking after them.*] There they go—poor Brother Philip! how he waddles along—now will I liberate my prisoner—I must act with caution, however, or he may fly indeed.—[*She opens the door, and retires behind the shrubbery at the back of the stage.*]

Col. [*enters cautiously from the terrace.*] The place is so still, I think I may venture forth.—Now the tumult of my passion has partly subsided.—The image of that sweet bird which I saw but for an instant, returns with full force to my bosom—Notwithstanding all I have heard and seen, I cannot persuade myself, that this creature so fair in form, can possess so bad a heart. Besides, my father has often told me, that there is a great difference between men—why should there not be the same between Birds? And yet, I am sure, I should be afraid to meet one again.

DUET—ELIZA and COLIN.

Eli. [*in a soft tone,*] Colin, dear Colin,
Col. [*alarmed.*]———————— Ah so near!
What voice is that?
Eliza.———————————Nay, do not fear.
'Tis one, who comes to bring relief,
And calm at once, thy rage, and grief.
" *Colin.* What dulcet strains around me float?
" It is the bird! I know its note.
" Now shall I fly or perish here?
" *Eliza.* Nay fly not, Colin—do not fear.
" *and* " *Colin* " *together.* I come, I come to bring relief,
And calm at once, thy rage and grief.
Then come, Oh! come, and bring relief
And calm at once my rage and grief.
" *Colin.* Sweet warbler, hither bend thy flight,
" And bless, and bless, my anxious sight.
" *Eliza.* To thee, with joy, I'd bend my way,

"But yet, I fear you will not stay.
"*Colin.* I will, I will; so sweet a tone,
"Cannot proceed from breast of stone.
"*Eliza.* [*appearing.*] Behold me then!
"*Colin.*——————It is, it is!
"Oh! moment of enchanting bliss,
"It is the bird, whose figure bright
"Just glanced like sun-beam on my sight,
"And then as swiftly from me past.

[*He approaches Eliza, cautiously, as if to prevent her escaping, and catches her eagerly by the arm, he then resumes the strain, joyfully.*]—I have it now, I hold it fast.

Col. Yes, dear bird, I resign my life, my love, my all, to you, do not abuse my confidence.

Eli. Bird! bird! I am not a bird.

Col. How! not a bird?

Eli. No.

Col. What are you then?

Eli. Why, a woman—at least a tall girl.

Col. A woman! a woman!—Ah! what a light breaks upon me—my father never would explain—what is a woman?

Eli. She is a sweet, pretty creature, whom they wish to make you hate,

Col. Indeed! and are you really one?

Eli. Certainly.

Col. And are you sweet, and pretty?

Eli. Yes.

Col. But then my father told me—

Eli, Listen, Colin; your father has deceived you—he has always concealed our existence from you. To-day he told you that we were birds, and all of us cruel and wicked; on purpose to hinder you from ever falling in love.

Col. In love!—it must be so—but, pray inform me, what mean you, by being in love?

Eli. Alas! I scarcely know—for my governess, [*also a woman,*] that old, ugly thing, who frightened you so much just now, will never answer my questions—she hides every thing—shuts me up, and keeps me eternally in ignorance. But you shall hear what little I have gathered, partly from her, and partly from my play-mates.

Col. How happy I am, in meeting you—my ignorance is even greater than yours. Tell me then all you know—I could listen to you forever—for your voice thrills through and through me.

Eli. [*Aside.*] How prettily he talks,—the more I see of him, the better I like him. [*aloud.*]—This, then, Colin, is what they say a lover should be.

AIR—ELIZA.

Tune "*How happy the soldier who lives on his pay.*"
In the Poor Soldier.

A lover, they say, is both gentle, and kind,
To the faults of his mistress, obligingly blind,
Whatever she wishes, he flies to obtain,
And absent, or near her, he's ever in pain,
"With heart aches, and sighing, and panting d'ye see,
"Ah! that's what they tell me, a lover should be.

"When she smiles, he is merry. When she frowns, he is sad,
"And if she rejects him—Oh! then he runs mad."
If she sickens and dies, why without more ado,
He straight must fall sick, and be sure to die too,
With heart aches, and sighing, and dying d'ye see,
And that's what they tell me, a lover should be.

Col. Then, I am your lover.

Eli. How!

Col. I feel all that you have described. My whole soul is wrapped up in you. When I could not see you, I was miserable; now that I am near you, I am yet dissatisfied. I live only in your smiles, and would die for you with pleasure. Oh yes, I am your lover.

Eli. [*alarmed.*] What have I done?

Col. Are you sorry that you have made me so!

Eli. Alas I know not.

Col. Why do you hesitate?

Eli. Perhaps, Colin, perhaps we are acting very wickedly; we are so ignorant.

Col. Wickedly! Oh no, I am sure we are not. What wickedness can there be, in so pure, so entrancing a joy?

Eli. Yet—but—

Col. Nay, nay, banish these doubts and fears, they distract me. I owe now but a new existence to you.—You would not surely deprive me of it so soon?

Eli. What would you then?

Col. That you promise me—assure me,—I shall be your lover.

Eli. I cannot refuse him.—Well, yes, Colin, you are my lover.

Col. Enchanting word! I feel, I feel—I know not how; only, [*seizing her hand with passion.*] I love you, more far more, than I can say.

Eli. [*struggling.*] Release me, Colin—you alarm me.

Col. And do you repulse me then?

Eli. Have I not complied with your wish? What more can you desire?

Col. I know not—my head whirls, my blood boils,—

I know not what ails me.—[*Snatching her to his bosom.*]

Eli. Nay, Colin, cease, or I will leave you.

Col. Leave me you cannot—through the whole world I would follow you.—What shall I do if you abandon me?—[*tenderly.*] do not, do not leave me—[*detaining her.*]

Eli. How shall I escape? I wish my father would come.

[*Ronaldo appears at the gate.*] Ah! he is here—then we are lost.—[*Enter Ronaldo, Philip and Gertrude—all astonished at perceiving Colin with Eliza.*]

Phi. What do I see! Colin with Eliza! then all my trouble has been in vain.

Col. [*running towards his father.*] Now, my dear father, now I know every thing—A bird, was it!—a wicked, treacherous, barbarous creature? of how much joy you were near depriving me—[*to Gertrude.*]—and what pains *you* took to aid my father—and faith! would have succeeded too, in making me detest the whole sex—had not this kind angel interposed to save me from such impiety.

Phi. How weak is human foresight!—For fifteen years, have I been rearing a fabric, which two children have destroyed in a breath.

Ron. Come, come, Philip, since matters have turned out thus, let us submit with a good grace.

Phi. What shall I do?

Ger. Do? I'll tell you—take the boy back again to the cave, and let him remain there—as for you, Miss, go directly to your chamber.

Ron. No, no, Gertrude—here your authority over Eliza ends.

Ger. Oh, very well, sir, very well—then I'll go and prepare for my departure—[*to Philip.*]—a fine end your wise plans have accomplished, truly; I wish

you joy—as for you—[*to Colin and Eliza.*]—may you be married, and have all the vexation you have taken so much trouble to obtain.

[*Exit into Pavillion.*

Ron. What a spit-fire! Come, Philip, consent. Let us unite our children—I am sure Eliza will not object.

Eli. You know, my dear papa, I always obey your orders.

Ron. Yes—unless there's a secret door to slip through.

Col. Aye, my dear father, do not hesitate.

Phi. Well, well, take him, Eliza—make a good wife, and you'll prove a rare bird, indeed.

[*Colin and Eliza kneel in a transport of joy. Ronaldo and Philip bless them.*

Ron. There, my dear children, I give you joy. Let us now attend only to pleasure—and my friend, let the recollection of the trick that Eliza has this day played us, serve only to create merriment hereafter, and to teach us that "love conquers all, and we must yield to its power."

FINALE.—*Ronaldo, Colin and Eliza, to Br. Philip.*

"Seek to tame the gallant steed
"With youthful ardour glowing;
"Seek to check the torrent's speed,
"In force resistless flowing.

"But seek not over love to rule
"With reason's iron rod,
"Lest he should play with you the fool,
"And prove himself a God.

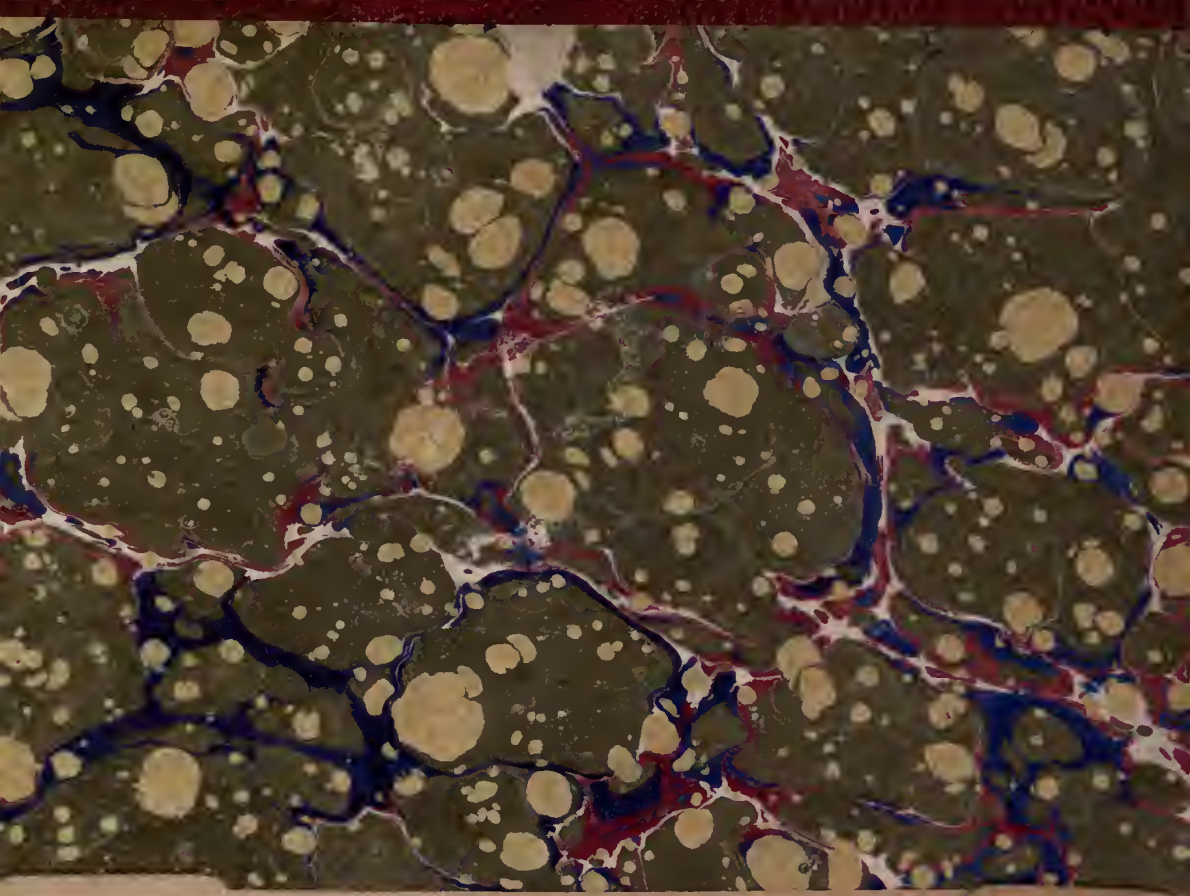
ELIZA, *to the audience.*

"If our warblers varied strain
"Has banish'd care an hour,
"Do, kind patrons, call again
"And try its magic power.

Ronaldo, Philip, Colin and Eliza.

"If our warbler's varied strains, &c.

THE END.



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